

Our Dumb Animals?

"WE SPEAK FOR THOSE WHO



CANNOT SPEAK FOR THEMSELVES."

I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility, the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.— COWPER.

Vol. 22.

Boston, July, 1889.

No. 2.



SUMMER VACATION IN THE COUNTRY.

IN THE HEART OF THE WOODS.

Such beautiful things in the heart of the woods!

Flowers and ferns, and the soft green moss ;
Such love of the birds, in the solitudes,

Where the swift wings glance, and the tree-tops toss ;
Spaces of silence, swept with song,

Which nobody hears but the God above ;
Spaces where myriad creatures throng,
Sunning themselves in his guarding love.

Such safety and peace in the heart of the woods,

Far from the city's dust and din,
Where passion nor hate of man intrudes,

Nor fashion nor folly has entered in.

Deeper than hunter's trail hath gone,

Glimmers the tarn where the wild deer drink ;
And fearless and free comes the gentle fawn,
To peep at herself o'er the grassy brink.

Such pledge of love in the heart of the woods,

For the Maker of all things keeps the least,
And over the tiny floweret broods,

With care that for ages has never ceased.

If he care for this, will he not for thee—

Thee, wherever thou art to-day?

Child of an infinite Father, see ;

And safe in such gentlest keeping stay.

—MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

We print this month *thirty-six thousand* copies of this paper and send a copy to every paper and magazine in the United States and Territories, and British America.

2,000 PRIZES TO 1,000 SCHOOLS AND SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

In behalf of "The American Humane Education Society," I hereby offer to the pupil in each of *one thousand American Schools and Sunday Schools*, who shall, during six months, *beginning the first day of*

July, 1889, by kind acts and words, have done the most to make human beings and dumb animals happier, a beautifully bound volume of "Our Dumb Animals," full of humane pictures and interesting poems and stories, and a heavily gold-plated or pure silver badge-pin of the "American Band of Mercy," (whichever is preferred,) suitable to be worn on all occasions. Both will be sent free of cost.

To which pupil in each school these prizes shall be awarded is to be determined by vote of the school, *approved and certified by the teacher.*

Each teacher, who wishes his or her pupils to compete for these prizes, will please send me his or her name and post office address, *plainly written*, and will, up to January, 1890, receive "Our Dumb Animals" without charge.

All who also form "Bands of Mercy" will be entitled as appears on page 15.

GEO. T. ANGELL,

President of the American Humane Education Society, the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and the Parent American Band of Mercy, 19 Milk Street, Boston.

I shall make the above offer to the successful pupil in each of *ten thousand*, instead of *one thousand* Schools and Sunday Schools, when funds will warrant it, and have other plans for a general humane education of the children of America, which I intend to put in practical operation as fast as I get the means.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

SOWING THE GOOD SEED.

A friend writes us from the office of the "Boston Herald," as follows:

DEAR MR. ANGELL.—Since I began to receive "Our Dumb Animals" I have given your paper to my little girl, 5 years old, to read, and she has shown great delight in perusing it. One of the engravings which seemed especially to attract her attention was the motto of your "American Humane Education Society," and for many days I often heard her repeating to herself the words, "Glory to God," "Peace on Earth," "Kindness, Justice, and Mercy to every Living Creature." This morning, (June 7th) she came running in from the woods behind my house with a butterfly clinging to her finger, and said: "Papa, I found this in some water; it was drowning. I thought I would save it, and I got it out, and now I'm going to dry its wings in the sun and let it fly off." Comment is unnecessary.

[We prophecy the time will come when millions of American children will repeat those words engraved upon our seal, "Glory to God," "Peace on Earth," "Kindness, Justice, and Mercy to every Living Creature."—EDITOR.]

A CRIMINAL ON THE WAY TO THE GALLOWS.

A criminal on the way to the gallows (says the Pittsburgh, Pa., *Commercial*) said to the sheriff: "If I had received half the kindness in early life which I now receive here I should never have been here."

Consider well the rights of every human being, however humble or degraded he may be.

TOMMY'S DREAM.

Tommy had been to the school treat, away out from the dirty, crowded, hot streets in which he lived, into the beautiful green, fresh country.

And Tommy had enjoyed the treat; but I am afraid that many of the butterflies and other insects, and some of the birds too, had cause to grieve that Tommy and his little mates had been there to treat—it was none for them. A great part of the day Tommy had spent in what he thought good fun. He had chased beautiful butterflies, but when he caught them he could do little with them. They were a source of amusement to him for a short time, and then he would let them flutter away with spoilt and broken wings. He had tried to capture the large bees which he saw flying about; but as he laid hold on one it stung him, so thinking himself badly used, he let it go. Then he had frightened many of the birds by throwing stones at them—only fortunately he aimed badly, and never hit his mark! And when he and some of his companions, wandering through the green fields, had come across a large, scaly beetle, he had seized it, and in spite of its struggles, had put it in his pocket.

And now Tommy was back from the treat and in bed.

He had not long fallen asleep when he seemed to be again in the fields in which he had played all day. But all the butterflies, and bees, and beetles, and birds seemed to have changed places with him in point of size, for they appeared as large as boys, and he as small as a beetle, and Tommy was terribly frightened.

"Oh," he thought, "I must hide under the sticks, or those great creatures will catch me! Oh dear, I wish I were home!" for Tommy was frightened.

So he hid quickly under some small sticks until all the butterflies and other things should go away; but it was no use. Soon he felt the sticks lifted, and heard something scream out; he did not know what the thing was at first, for he dared not look up.

"Oh, oh! come and look; here's such a funny thing. Four legs! and it only walks on two of them! and such a funny head."

Then Tommy felt himself snatched up and pinched; and screaming and struggling, he looked up at the thing that held him. It was a beetle, of gigantic size it seemed to him.

"Oh!" screamed the beetle again, "come and look what I've caught. Such a funny thing; whatever is it?"

"What have you got?" asked a butterfly, about one hundred times Tommy's size, flying up.

"Why look here! I don't know what it is."

"Oh!" said the butterfly, "It's only a boy. They're common enough. If you didn't live so much under the ground you'd know a boy when you see him. That's only a little one, but I've seen big ones, and I've good cause to remember them, too; they've chased me often enough."

The butterfly spoke very fiercely for such a gentle creature, and Tommy trembled.

"Oh boy!" shrieked the beetle—"a boy! I know something about them, only I didn't know this was one. Ugh! you little brute"—shaking Tommy—"you're a boy, are you? I'll pinch you." And the beetle did, and Tommy screamed and kicked; but the beetle held him tightly.

"What's on here?" asked a passing bee. "What have you got?"

"Oh, only a boy," said the butterfly, "and we're only going to pinch him to see him kick."

"Oh, oh!" screamed Tommy, "you cowards! you wouldn't dare to do it if I were not so small;" but the insects took no notice of his cries.

"Here, hand him over to me," said the bee; "I owe boys a grudge; let me sting him."

"Wait a bit," answered the beetle; "let's have some fun with him first. You'll kill him if you sting him."

"Not I. Besides, boys can't feel."

"They can! they can!" shrieked Tommy, but no heed was paid to his words.

Just as the bee was about to sting its shrieking victim a linnet (to Tommy it seemed the size of an eagle) flew up. The butterfly flitted away

sharply, and the bee suddenly became impressed with the necessity of going also, and went. Only the beetle remained, holding Tommy tightly still, for the beetle knew that its scaly coat would protect it against the linnet. But the bee and the butterfly had not such protection.

"What have you got?" asked the linnet.

"A boy. I owe boys a grudge, so I'm pinching him;" and the beetle squeezed Tommy again, and again he squealed.

"Will you give him to me? I'd like to take him somewhere," said the linnet.

So the beetle dropped Tommy, who was now quite sore, and the linnet lifted him in its beak.

Dreams are very funny things.

The linnet seemed to be suddenly in the room of a house, and Tommy saw it was his own bedroom.

"What's the matter?" squeaked a funny voice. It was Tommy's white mouse speaking; for Tommy kept a white mouse.

"Why," said the linnet, and it seemed quite friendly with the white mouse, "I've caught a boy. What shall I do with him?"

"A boy? Let me look," said the white mouse, and added fiercely, "Why, it's Tommy!"

"Yes, please, Mr. Mouse," said Tommy, "it's me. You know me, don't you?"

Tommy was afraid of the white mouse, it seemed so big.

"Know you?" screamed the mouse. "I've good reason to know you! Yes! and now I'll make you know me."

"Please, Mr. Mouse," began Tommy; but the white mouse interrupted him.

"Know you? You're the boy that fastened me in a cage without any food, and I was hungry. Worse, worse! I was thirsty, and all my water was dried up. My cage has been left unclean for weeks. Know you? Yes! and now you shall know me."

The white mouse rushed fiercely at Tommy.

But suddenly Tommy awoke, and he was lying in bed, and of his natural size.

"Dear me," he murmured, "what an awful dream I've had! I declare I'll never hurt anything ever again. And when I get up I'll feed my white mouse. I forgot him yesterday."

For Tommy had been so full of the treat the day before that the white mouse had been neglected. *In fact, Tommy often neglected it.*

Then he dressed, and went to the cage to attend to the little creature. But the little mouse was dead.

"Oh dear," cried Tommy, "I must have forgotten it for two days! I'll never be so cruel again to anything."

And he kept his word.—F. H. BOLTON.
English "Band of Mercy."

THE BIRTH OF A LILY.

BY RUTH ARGYLE.

Only a sparkle of sunshine,
A tiny sparkle of dew,
And then the beautiful flower
Gently unfolded to view.

Its snowy leaves slowly opened
With a quiver of delight;
Then turned in sweet and glad surprise
To welcome the morning bright.

Its heart like a golden chalice
Was fragrant with odors rare,
Which rose as incense pure upon
The breath of the waiting air.

And thus with a gleam of sunshine,
And pure as the sparkling dew,
God sends our little child-angels,
Dear-heart to me and to you.

How shall we keep the fair white leaves
Unspotted by stain of sin?
Only by keeping the sweet heart pure
Its golden chalice within.

Never allow any one to tickle or tease your horse in the stable. The animal feels only the torment and does not understand the joke.



Officers of Parent American Band of Mercy.
GEO. T. ANGELL, President; SAMUEL E. SAWYER, Vice-President; REV. THOMAS TIMMINS, Secretary; JOSEPH L. STEVENS, Treasurer.

Over five thousand eight hundred branches of the Parent American Band of Mercy have been formed, with probably over four hundred thousand members.

PLEDGE.

"I will try to be kind to all harmless living creatures, and try to protect them from cruel usage."

Any Band of Mercy member who wishes can cross out the word *harmless* from his or her pledge. M. S. P. C. A. on our badges mean "Merciful Society Prevention of Cruelty to all."

We send *without cost*, to every person asking, a copy of "Band of Mercy" information and other publications.

Also, *without cost*, to every person who writes that he or she has formed a "Band of Mercy" by obtaining the signatures of thirty adults or children or both—either signed, or authorized to be signed—to the pledge, also the name chosen for the "Band" and the name and post-office address [town and state] of the President:

1st, Our monthly paper, "OUR DUMB ANIMALS," full of interesting stories and pictures, for one year.

2d, *Copy of Band of Mercy Information.*

3d, *Copy of Band of Mercy Songs.*

4th, *Twelve Lessons on Kindness to Animals*, containing many anecdotes.

5th, *Eight Humane Leaflets*, containing pictures and one hundred selected stories and poems.

6th, *For the President*, an imitation gold badge.

The head officers of *Juvenile Temperance Associations* and teachers and Sunday school teachers should be Presidents of Bands of Mercy.

Nothing is required to be a member, but to sign the pledge or authorize it to be signed.

Any intelligent boy or girl fourteen years old can form a Band with no cost, and receive what we offer, as before stated.

To those who wish badges, song and hymn books, cards of membership, and a membership book for each Band, the prices are, for badges, gold or silver imitation, eight cents; ribbon, four cents; song and hymn books, with fifty-two songs and hymns, two cents; cards of membership, two cents; and membership book, eight cents. The "Twelve Lessons on Kindness to Animals" cost only two cents for the whole, bound together in one pamphlet. The Humane Leaflets cost twenty-five cents a hundred, or eight for five cents.

Everybody, old or young, who wants to do a kind act, to make the world happier or better, is invited to address, by letter or postal, Geo. T. Angell, Esq., President, 19 Milk Street, Boston, Massachusetts, and receive full information.

A Good Order of Exercises for Band of Mercy Meetings.

1—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn, and repeat the Pledge together. [See Melodies.]

2—Remarks by President, and reading of Report of last Meeting by Secretary.

3—Readings, Recitations, "Memory Gems," and Anecdotes of good and noble sayings, and deeds done to both human and dumb creatures, with vocal and instrumental music.

4—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn.

5—A brief address. Members may then tell what they have done to make human and dumb creatures happier and better.

6—Enrollment of new members.

7—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn.

PARENT AMERICAN BAND OF MERCY.

Any boy, girl, man or woman can come to our offices, sign the above "Band of Mercy" pledge, and receive a beautifully-tinted paper certificate that the signer is a *Life Member of the "Parent American Band of Mercy,"* and a "Band of Mercy" member of the *Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, all without cost*, or can write us that they wish to join, and by enclosing a two-cent return postage stamp, have names added to the list, and receive a similar certificate by mail. Those who wish the badge and large card of membership, can obtain them at the office by paying ten cents, or have them sent by mail by sending us, in postage stamps or otherwise, twelve cents.

Many of the most eminent men and women not only of Massachusetts, but of the world, are members of the "Parent American Band."

Bands can obtain our membership certificates at ten cents a hundred.

WHAT IS THE OBJECT OF THE BANDS OF MERCY?

I answer: To teach and lead every child and older person to seize every opportunity to say a *kind word*, or do a *kind act* that will make some other human being or some dumb creature happier.

GEO. T. ANGELL,
President of the American Humane Education Society, the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and the Parent American Band of Mercy, 19 Milk St., Boston.

AS QUICK AS THE TELEPHONE.

One night a well-known citizen of a western city who had been walking for some time in the downward path, came out of his house and started down-town for a night of carousal with some of his old companions he had promised to meet. His young wife had besought him with imploring eyes to spend the evening with her, and had reminded him of the time when evenings passed in her company were all too short. His little daughter had clung about his knees and coaxed in her pretty, wilful way, for "papa" to tell her some bed-time stories; but habit was stronger than love for child and wife, and he eluded her tender questions by the deceits and excuses which are the convenient refuge of the intemperate, and so went on his way.

When he was some blocks distant from his home, he found that in changing his coat he had forgotten to remove his wallet, and he could not go out on a drinking bout without money; even though he knew his family needed it, and his wife was economizing every day more and more in order to make up his deficits. So he hurried back and crept softly past the window of his little home, in order that he might steal in and obtain it without running the gauntlet of either questions or caresses.

But as he looked through the window something stayed his feet. There was a fire in the grate within, for the night was chill. It lit up the little parlor and brought out in startling effect the pictures on the wall. But these were nothing to the pictures on the hearth. There in the soft glow of the firelight, knelt his child at her mother's feet, her small hands clasped in prayer, her fair head bowed; and as the rosy lips whispered each word with childish distinctness, the father listened, spell-bound, to the words which he himself had so often uttered at his mother's knees—"Now I lay me down to sleep."

His thoughts ran back to his boyhood hours; and as he compressed his bearded lips he could see in memory the face of that mother, long since gone to her rest, who taught his own infant lips prayers which he had long ago forgotten to utter.

The child went on and completed her little verse, and then, as prompted by the mother, continued, "God bless mamma, papa, and my own self"—then there was a pause, and she lifted her troubled blue eyes to her mother's face.

"God bless papa," prompted the mother softly,

"God bless papa," lisped the little one.

"And—please send him home sober."

He could not hear the mother as she said this; but the child followed in a clear, inspired voice;

"God—bless—papa—and—please—send—him—home—sober, Amen."

Mother and child sprang to their feet in alarm when the door opened so suddenly; but they were not afraid when they saw who it was returned so soon. But that night, when little Mary was being tucked up in bed, after such a romp with papa, she said in the sleepiest and most contented of voices:

"Mamma, God answers 'most as quick as the telephone, doesn't he?"—Selected.

Nebraska Mute Journal.

ONLY A DOG, BUT HE SAVED HIS MISTRESS FROM DEATH.

From the Philadelphia Inquirer.

JOHNSTOWN, June 6.—A large crowd of people attracted my attention about six o'clock this evening on Main Street. On going closer I noticed that a number of men and women were surrounding a dog.

"Come here, Romeo, my noble old dog!" said one woman.

"Give me a kiss; there is a dear." "Ah, Romeo," said another, "it was a pity Johnstown had not more such as you are—there would not be so many people dead here now."

The dog, a beautiful water spaniel, stood as quiet among the people as if he understood each word. Soon I learned what it meant.

Romeo belonged to Mrs. C. F. Kress of Washington Street, Johnstown. Last Friday, when the flood of the South Fork reservoir broke loose, that lady went to the house of her sister, Mrs. A. C. Kress, on Main Street, taking the dog with her. While there the waters came sweeping down, and all were compelled to get upon the roof. There were seven in the party, and Romeo.

Suddenly a big wave dashed upon the roof. Mrs. C. F. Kress was knocked off, and rapidly floated down the stream.

But the waters had no more than closed above the sinking lady when the dog jumped after her, and when her dress appeared grasped it with his teeth. Holding the dress in his mouth he pushed her toward a frame house, which was still defying the waves. Romeo's noble efforts proved successful, and in a few moments Mrs. Kress was able to lay hold on the frame house and drag herself into comparative safety.

But alas! it was only temporary. Even before the woman had realized her escape the waves came rushing against the frame house. With a crash the wooden walls burst apart, and once more the woman and her dog were at the mercy of the flood.

The noble brute, however, again clung to his mistress, and swimming by her side while she was borne upon the current, he contrived to keep her head above water. For over half-an-hour the dog battled with the waves. His faithful endurance was at last rewarded. He succeeded in directing her toward Alma Hall, and here Mrs. Kress was pulled out of the water.

When she reached the roof unconsciousness overcame her, and during that time Romeo, who seemed to think the woman dead, howled in the most frantic manner. Only her returning breath pacified him, and then he quietly and contentedly lay down at her feet.

This was the story gleaned from the people surrounding the dog, and when I called to see Mrs. Kress at her sister's home she verified every particular.

EFFECT OF WAR ON ANIMALS.

"All supplies for Rosecrans had to be brought from Nashville. Owing to the position of General Bragg, they had to be hauled by a circuitous route, over a mountainous country, over sixty miles. The country afforded but little food for his animals, *nearly ten thousand of which had already starved*, and not enough were left to draw a single piece of artillery."

"The roads were strewn with the debris of broken wagons and the carcasses of thousands of starved mules and horses."

Personal memoirs of U. S. Grant. Vol. 2. Page 24 & 28.

OUR DUMB ANIMALS.

Boston, July, 1889.

ARTICLES for this paper may be sent to
GEO. T. ANGELL, President, 19 Milk Street.

BANDS OF MERCY.

We are glad to report this month *six thousand eight hundred and twenty-nine* branches of our "Parent Band of Mercy."

Friends will pardon short letters. Nearly *fourteen thousand a year, between forty and fifty for each working day, go out from our offices.*

Persons wishing a bound volume of this paper for a *library, reading room, or the public room of a large hotel,* can send us *seventeen cents* in postage stamps to pay postage and will receive the volume, or the stamps will be returned.

Persons wishing "Our Dumb Animals" for gratuitous distribution can send us *five cents* to pay postage, and receive *ten copies, or ten cents and receive twenty copies.*

TEACHERS AND CANVASSERS.

Teachers can have "Our Dumb Animals" one year for *twenty-five cents.*

Canvassers can have sample copies free, and retain one-half of every *fifty cent subscription.*

200 VOLUMES.

During the summer months, friends of our humane work will be stopping at large summer hotels, at sea shore, mountains, and springs, where many influential people gather. There will be opportunities of great good. We shall deem it a privilege to put, *without charge*, two hundred bound volumes of "Our Dumb Animals" on the parlor, or reading-room tables of these hotels, provided we can be assured that they will be permitted to remain there during the summer. Please get permission and write.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

MEMORIAL FOUNTAIN.

I have learned of a most important and desirable place in Boston to erect another fountain for horses similar to that erected by our Society with legacy given to the Society for the purpose by the late Dorothea L. Dix. That fountain cost \$500. This can probably, with aid offered, be erected for \$400. If any reader of this paper would like to erect a fountain which will bless the horses for a hundred years or more to come. Please write

GEO. T. ANGELL,
President of the Massachusetts Society
P. C. Animals.

Earth has nothing more tender than a woman's heart when it is the abode of pity.—*Luther.*

THE HORSE FLY.

The horse-fly is the most cruel and blood-thirsty of the entire family. He is armed with a most formidable weapon, which consists of four lancets, so sharp and strong that they will penetrate leather. He makes his appearance in June. The female is armed with *six lancets*, with which she bleeds both cattle and horses, and even human beings.—*Colman's Rural World.*

DOCKING HORSES \$100.

I hereby offer, in behalf of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, a prize of \$100 for evidence by which the Society shall convict any person in Boston or vicinity of the *life mutilation* of any horse by the practice called docking.

GEO. T. ANGELL,
President.

DOCKING HORSES.

I most respectfully ask every friend of the horse in Massachusetts to send to our chief prosecuting agent, Capt. Currier, 19 Milk Street, Boston, all possible information in regard to the violation of our Massachusetts law prohibiting the life mutilation of horses by docking or cutting the solid part of the tail. No name will be published without permission. It is our wish and intention to avail ourselves of every means in our power to bring every man who violates or authorizes or aids in the violation of this law, to justice.

GEO. T. ANGELL,
President of the M. S. P. C. A.

DOCKING HORSES.

From *Boston Daily Evening Transcript*, June 14, 1889.

Mr. Angell shows a good record, in the matter of the docking of horses' tails, for "The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty," viz.:

"Obtained the first law in the world against this cruel practice; secured the first three and only convictions ever obtained in the world for docking; offered the only prize, \$100, for evidence ever offered by any society of our kind in the world; and eighty-two ladies occupying the highest social positions in our city have issued the first protest of the kind ever known, and sent cards containing it to our stables and hotels."

THE SPRINGFIELD REPUBLICAN.

The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty has a record worth celebrating touching the docking of horses' tails. Mr. Angell of Boston, the devoted president of the long-named society, gives that organization credit for having "obtained the first law in the world against this cruel practice; secured the first three and only convictions ever obtained in the world for docking; offered the only prize, \$100, for evidence ever offered by any society of the kind in the world; and eighty-two ladies occupying the highest social positions in this city have issued the first protest of the kind ever known, and sent cards containing it to stables and hotels." *Springfield Republican*, June 16, 1889.

EXCHANGES.—MARKED ARTICLES.

Our exchange list is a very large one. From *six to ten thousand* newspapers, magazines, reports, books, pamphlets, etc., etc., come to our table annually from all parts of this country and our societies all over the world. Add to this about *fourteen thousand letters* coming into our offices annually, and about as many going out, and our friends will see the importance of short letters, and of marking very plainly whatever they wish us to see.

WORK FOR THE COMING YEAR.

The object of *The American Humane Education Society* is to carry humane education for the prevention of cruelty and the protection of property and life into every American school and home. To this end it would be glad if it had the means to send "Our Dumb Animals" monthly without charge to every teacher in America,—to put a bound volume of humane publications without charge into every American school, and to offer annually or quarterly a prize to the pupils in every American school, who, by vote of the school, approved by the teacher, shall have done the most to make human beings and dumb creatures happier.

Our *Mass. Society P. C. to Animals, with the aid of its missionary fund*, sent last year about half a million of its humane publications over the country and the world.

Our "American Humane Education Society" will be glad to send *several millions* the coming year, and to supplement this work by the employment of live missionaries, if kind Providence shall inspire human hearts to give the means.

GEO. T. ANGELL,

President of the American Humane Education Society, the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and the Parent American Band of Mercy, 19 Milk Street, Boston.

THE NATIONAL EDUCATIONAL ASSOCIATION.

The *National Educational Association* holds its annual meeting this year at Nashville, Tenn., from July 16 to 20. Thousands of southern as well as northern teachers will be present. We are glad to announce that the Hon. Wm. E. Sheldon, formerly President and now Vice-President, has kindly consented to attend to the distribution of "Our Dumb Animals" at the Convention, and to announce the *two thousand prizes* we offer to schools and Sunday schools in another column.

THE AMERICAN INSTITUTE OF INSTRUCTION.

The *American Institute of Instruction* holds its annual meeting this year at Bethlehem, N. H., July 8, 9, 10 and 11. Large numbers of teachers and prominent educational men are to be present, and we are glad to say that Hon. T. W. Bicknell, one of its Vice-Presidents, has cheerfully undertaken to represent our Society in the distribution of this paper, and to bring before the Convention our offer of prizes to schools and Sunday schools.

\$25 REWARD.

A statement is going the rounds of the papers that some European Government has enacted a law prohibiting the *over-head check-rein*. I wish some Government had, and will give \$25 to any person who will find me such a law, so that I can bring it to bear on our next Legislature.

GEO. T. ANGELL, President.

WHY?

Why does Mr. Angell on all his letter envelopes, newspaper envelopes, newspaper articles, &c., so constantly stamp or sign his various offices, viz.: *President of "The American Humane Education Society," "The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals," and "The Parent American Band of Mercy?"*

Answer. Every new movement to be successful in attracting the attention of the American people, must be widely advertised.

Successful railroads, mercantile establishments, publishers of new books, spend hundreds of thousands of dollars in advertising them.

Humane Societies must find more economical ways.

When we started "The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals" we printed *two hundred thousand copies* of the first number of "Our Dumb Animals" (which was the first paper of its kind in the world) and sent them through the police and otherwise *with very little expense*, into every house in Boston, and every Massachusetts city and town.

"The American Band of Mercy," started by four persons in our offices not quite seven years ago, now number in America *nearly seven thousand branches*, and probably more than half a million American children have taken their pledge.

"The American Humane Education Society," incorporated with power to hold *five hundred thousand dollars* free from taxation, hopes to become a more important organization than either of those before named.

I must seek *in every economical way*, to advertise these organizations, and all articles in this paper, or copied from this paper into other papers through the country which bear their names, advertise them.

All letter and newspaper envelopes, which bear their names, advertise them.

When I send this paper monthly to all the clergy, lawyers, and others of the State, *with this stamp*, I advertise them through the State. When I send it to every newspaper and magazine in all our States and Territories, I advertise them through the country.

Are the papers we send out read?

Answer. Thousands of letters received in these offices, and hundreds of editorials and articles copied show that they are.

It has been my habit to supply our Massachusetts Legislature with "Our Dumb Animals." In the waste baskets of some *three hundred members less than half a dozen copies* were found.

A Judge of the Supreme Court of New Hampshire called upon me last week and in course of conversation said, Mr. Angell, "I read every month, every article in your paper." In attaching the names of these Societies to my newspaper articles, and putting them on letter and newspaper envelopes, I simply adopt *for a humane cause* the practical common-sense methods of successful corporations and business men.

GEO. T. ANGELL,

President of the American Humane Education Society, the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and the Parent American Band of Mercy, 19 Milk Street, Boston.

Children have more need of models than of critics.—*Joubert.*

THE AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY.

The American Humane Education Society has been recently incorporated by Act of the Legislature of Massachusetts with power to hold half a million of dollars free from taxation. It has already in its permanent fund real estate given by its President, valued at over three thousand dollars, and for present and future use money given by various persons to the amount of nearly six thousand dollars more. Its object is to carry humane education for the prevention of every form of cruelty, and the protection of property and life, into all our American Schools and Homes. Its treasurer is the Hon. Henry O. Houghton, of Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Its directors are among our most respected citizens. All persons wishing information as to what it has already done, and is proposing to do will receive prompt answers by writing.

GEO. T. ANGELL,

President of the American Humane Education Society, the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and the Parent American Band of Mercy, 19 Milk Street, Boston.

A PLEASANT LETTER.

From a Western State.

MAY 29th, 1889.

MR. ANGELL,

Dear Sir,—I enclose a check for *five hundred dollars*. Please accept it for the "American Humane Education Society," and may your health be continued for many years, and life gladdened by the fulfilment of the bright prospects resulting from your labors in this good cause, which to my mind lays the axe at the root of much evil.

The seed now sown will surely bring a rich harvest. Yours, with gratitude,

[We regret we are not permitted to publish the name.]

By same mail with the above, came another check of \$500 from a Boston friend, of which we were authorized to use \$150 for the *American Humane Education Society*.

"Praise God from whom all blessings flow."

OUR COLLEGE PRIZE ESSAYS.

It is with pleasure we read articles in various exchanges founded upon the *College Prize Essay* of Ralph W. Trine, of Knox College, Illinois, which appeared in June *Our Dumb Animals*, on the effect of humane education on the prevention of crime.

We have before us at this writing a very able editorial in "The Troy (N. Y.) Evening Standard" of June 12th, sustaining the views of Mr. Trine in regard to the growth of crime, and humane education as the remedy.

In other columns appear extracts from another essay written by a student of Beloit (Wisconsin) college, which came near winning the first prize.

BOSTON LATIN AND HIGH SCHOOL.

The Boston Latin and High School Building is said to be the most costly building of its kind in the world, and it is intended to be the best. As several thousands of copies of this month's paper are to be distributed among teachers from various parts of the country, we give them, by kind permission of Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., publishers of this city, a front view of this beautiful structure.

Not to hear conscience is the way to silence it.

The American Humane Education Society.



GEO. T. ANGELL, *President.*
JOSEPH L. STEVENS, *Secretary.*
HON. HENRY O. HOUGHTON, *Treasurer.*
(OF HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO.)

FIRST DONATIONS TO THE AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY.

Mrs. William Appleton,.....	\$1,000
A Friend,.....	1,000
A. E. H.,.....	300
Mrs. Geo. Dickinson,	500
Miss Georgiana Kendall,.....	205
Mrs. J. H. French,.....	100
Philip G. Peabody,.....	10
Mary F. Metcalf,.....	5
Ellen Snow,.....	5
Mrs. A. G. R. Champlin,.....	50
S. R. U.,.....	25
E. Cavazza,.....	5
Charles F. Clark,.....	50
A. W.,.....	100
H. O. H.,.....	100
Mrs. Charles E. De Wolf,.....	50
Mrs. J. Arthur Beebe,.....	100
Mrs. B. S. Rotch,.....	100
H. E. Sargent,.....	5
Charles W. Parker,.....	10
The Most Rev. Archbishop Williams,.....	10
Coachmen's Benevolent Association,.....	20
Sophia M. Hale,.....	5
Wm. R. Robeson,.....	100
Miss S. R. Kendall,.....	50
Miss C. C. Kendall,.....	50
Mrs. John W. James,.....	5
Mrs. Edward Bringhurst,.....	5
M. F.,.....	100
Mrs. Anna E. McIntyre,.....	5
W. P. Stearns,.....	5
Mrs. Sarah B. Cone,.....	25
Dr. H. M. Field,.....	5
Mrs. Anne E. Lowry,.....	100
S. B. F.,.....	200
Mrs. C. A. L. Sibley,.....	200
Miss Vero Ica Dwight,.....	5
Miss Cora H. Clarke,.....	5
Wm. G. Means,.....	50
Miss A. G. Tappan,.....	5
Louis Prang,.....	25
Mrs. F. B. Powell,.....	5
A Friend,.....	150
Philip G. Peabody,.....	25
Mrs. S. R. Osgood,.....	100
Mrs. S. W. Vanderbilt,.....	60
A Western Friend,.....	500
A Boston Friend,.....	150

\$5,685

WHAT GENERAL GRANT THOUGHT
OF BULL FIGHTS.

"Every Sunday [in the city of Mexico,] there was a bull fight. I attended one—just one. The sight to me was sickening. I could not see how human beings could enjoy the sufferings of beasts, and often of men, as they seemed to do on these occasions."

Personal Memoirs of U. S. Grant, Volume 1, page 175.

[A well-known Boston gentleman recently returned from Mexico describes to us a Spanish bull fight he saw there. Horses blindfolded were *purposely gored to death*, amid the enthusiastic applause of the populace. Nothing more brutal and cowardly was ever witnessed in the dark ages, in the Roman amphitheatre. May the time soon come when not only "*Glory to God*" but "*Peace on Earth*" and "*Justice, Kindness and Mercy to every living creature*," may be preached, and sung, and chanted by millions of human voices in the Cathedrals of Mexico.—EDITOR.]

ONE FROM MANY.

New York City, Monroe St. Industrial School,
73 Monroe Street.

Please send me fifty copies of "Band of Mercy Songs and Hymns," fifty "Band of Mercy Cards of Membership," five numbers of "Twelve Lessons on Kindness to Animals," and a "Band of Mercy Register." The children of my school are deeply interested in the "Band of Mercy" started several years ago, and much enjoy the articles in "Our Dumb Animals," which I read to them at our meetings. At the close of the meeting the most attentive child is given "Our Dumb Animals" to carry home. Our Band is composed of the most destitute children of our city, and, I think, are just the children who need to learn the lesson of kindness.

Respectfully yours, I. F. HOOK.

ILLINOIS HUMANE SOCIETY.

From report in the "Humane Journal."

At the Annual Meeting held May 4th, President John Shortall, Vice-Presidents Fred. W. Peck and Hon. Thomas E. Hill, Treasurer George Schneider and Secretary Henry W. Clarke, were all re-elected, and as directors, Messrs. Shortall, Peck, Hill, Edwin Lee Brown, J. C. Dore, David Swing, Albert W. Landon, P. D. Armour, Wirt Dexter, Marshall Field, John B. Sherman and others. Receipts of the year, \$9,177.10. Expenses, \$9,131. The Secretary's report shows a large work done, including 51 prosecutions for cruelty to animals, and 22 for cruelty to children. Also, 194 cases prosecuted in the county court. Also very important work in the stock yards.

Chicago is a very important point. We wish it had received last year as the New York Society did,—a hundred thousand dollars and was putting it to immediate use in the great and growing North West.

ST. LOUIS.

We are glad to learn from Mrs. Tudor Brooks, Secretary of "The Woman's Humane Society of Missouri," of active work and great success—weekly meetings held—150 lady members and about 75 gentlemen.—President, Mrs. T. G. Comstock; Secretary, Mrs. Tudor Brooks.

THE WAYSIDE INN—AN APPLE TREE.

I halted at a pleasant inn,
As I my way was wending—
A golden apple was the sign,
From knotty boughs depending.

Mine host—it was an apple tree—
He smilingly received me,
And spread his choicest, sweetest fruit,
To strengthen and relieve me.

Full many a feathered guest
Came through its branches springing;
They hopped and flew from spray to spray,
Their notes of gladness singing.

Beneath his shade I laid me down,
And slumber sweet possessed me;
The soft wind blowing through the leaves,
With whispers low caressed me;

And when I rose, and would have paid
My host so open-hearted,
He only shook his lofty head—
I blessed him and departed.

From the German.

THE DREAD OF DEATH.

Sir Lyon Playfair, in a letter to Junius Henri Browne, author of a paper in *The Forum*, for October, under the above title, says: Having represented a large medical constituency (the University of Edinburgh) for seventeen years as a member of Parliament, I naturally came in contact with the most eminent medical men in England. I have put the question to most of them, "Did you, in your extensive practice, ever know a patient who was afraid to die?" With two exceptions, they answered, "No." One of these exceptions was Sir Benjamin Brodie, who said he had seen one case. The other was Sir Robert Christison, who also had seen one case, that of a young girl of bad character who had a sudden accident. I have known three friends who were partially devoured by wild beasts under apparently hopeless circumstances of escape. The first was Livingstone, the great African traveler, who was knocked on his back by a lion, which began to munch his arm. *He assured me that he felt no fear or pain, and that his only feeling was one of intense curiosity as to which part of his body the lion would take next.* The next was Rustem Pasha, now Turkish Ambassador in London. A bear attacked him and tore off part of his hand and part of his arm and shoulder. *He also assured me that he had neither a sense of pain nor of fear, but that he felt excessively angry because the bear grunted with so much satisfaction in munching him.* The third case is that of Sir Edward Bradford, an Indian officer now occupying a high position in the Indian Office. He was seized in a solitary place by a tiger, which held him firmly behind his shoulders with one paw and then deliberately devoured the whole of his arm, beginning at the end and ending at the shoulder. *He was positive that he had no sensation of fear, and thinks that he felt a little pain when the fangs went through his hand, but is certain that he felt none during the munching of his arm.*

[If the above is reliable it is probable that sheep and other creatures killed by wild animals suffer less than when carried to and killed in slaughter houses.—EDITOR.]

"TAVERNER" WRITES IN BOSTON POST.

The rich man who sends his worn-out steed to auction is, in my opinion, committing an act of unjustifiable cruelty. Several days ago I dropped in at a stable, and noticing one horse with a handsome neck and very gentle eyes, I entered his stall. He bent down his head and began nibbling at my fingers in a manner which plainly indicated that he was accustomed to be petted and indulged with sugar or other dainties. I observed that his hind ankles were pretty well knocked up, and his fore feet were also in bad condition, and on inquiring I learned that this old fellow and his mate were the discarded carriage horses of a wealthy resident of Boston. The man has bought a fresh span, and the animals that have been worn out in his service will now be sold for a song, and go from bad to worse. *

I must confess that people who can do this kind of thing without any subsequent qualms of conscience are almost to be envied. John, the groom, is told to take the old horses to the stable of Messrs. Curby & Spavin, and leave them there to be sold. And in due course his master receives a check large enough to make a decent contribution to foreign missions, or to buy several dozens of champagne, perhaps, and thus the matter ends. But if Dives would condescend to visit the stable himself and see the wistful, homesick air—for horses are homesick—with which his old servants look around them when they are backed out of their stalls amid strange and noisy surroundings; if he could see them whipped up and down the floor to show their tardy faces, and finally knocked down to Cheatham, the suburban dealer; and if, in fancy, he could then obtain a glimpse of their future careers, how they pass by successive stages from the country livery stable, for example, where they are furiously driven by drunken young men, to the fruit-vender's wagon or the liff-cart—if Dives, I say, had the acuteness to picture to himself these inevitable events, he would perhaps make some other disposition of his old carriage horses.

[We thank God that Massachusetts horses as well as cattle are now protected by Massachusetts laws from the cutting off of nature's protection against horse flies.]

G. T. A.

[For Our Dumb Animals.]

HEROIC MOTHERHOOD.

West Newton, Mass., June 12, 1889.

Last Tuesday our teacher was the witness of a heroic deed performed by a hen in defense of her chicks which were attacked by a rat. The faithful mother drove her enemy out of the coop, and succeeded in vanquishing him by taking him in her beak, tossing him up, and beating him against the ground. There she stood, the rain pouring down, doing her best to defend her charge. When the rat lay upon the ground, his life almost gone, with a business-like air she went back to her brood, and spreading her wings over them, settled down to her own affairs, seeming to say, "Nothing remarkable has happened; I have but done my duty." D. M. D.

WHAT COMPENSATION.

The question is sometimes asked "what compensation does the Editor of this paper get for his services?" We answer, there are few people in Massachusetts from the Governor down, that receive a larger compensation. The kind of compensation will appear in the following article by Rev. Wm. J. Batt, chaplain of our great Massachusetts Reformatory Prison, and taken from the columns of his paper:

"OUR DUMB ANIMALS."

The May number of this beautiful paper has just come to hand. It is one of the outside papers that we circulate here in the prison with the greatest satisfaction. It is clean without any exception. It is bright in its make-up and editorial direction. It is always illustrated very prettily. The whole spirit of the paper is humane and uplifting. *Altogether there is no outside paper perhaps that we take with us on the corridors with more confidence that it ought to be acceptable everywhere, and ought to do good to whomsoever may receive it, than this unsectarian, sweet spirited little paper.*

The May number contains the report of the year. According to the financial part of the report, very little of the receipts appears to be used in the way of salaries, especially if one considers the great amount of work done. We nowhere find any record of any salary being paid to its President and chief executive officer, George T. Angell. We have been told that his services have always been, like those of General Washington in the revolution, gratuitously given. Nevertheless, Mr. Angell devotes his days and nights and the years of his life to this noble work, protecting those that cannot help themselves, and promoting the spirit of kindness in society even toward dumb animals.

What a thought it is that we have such a development of Christianity in our age that it is not safe for a man to beat a horse, or cruelly maltreat a dog or a cat, or any animal.

This number of Our Dumb Animals, like all the rest, is valuable. Here is an incident of the doctor who made no charge for services rendered to General Sheridan in his last illness, and when no one else could get through a certain great street pageant of the late campaign, and when he himself had been refused while unrecognized, yet upon his name being discovered the line was immediately halted and broken, and his carriage passed through—here is a good story of a cat—here is a reward of one hundred dollars for evidence to convict any person in Boston or vicinity of life-mutilation of horses, by the practice called docking. *Who can look upon a "docked" horse without a feeling of pity. The first law in the world to punish this mutilation of horses has passed the Massachusetts Legislature.*

Mr. Angell has had five hearings at the State House; two of them on behalf of dogs, another on behalf of the law just referred to.

Mr. Angell thinks that wars, as well as murders and crime could be largely prevented by teaching children to seize every opportunity to say a kind word or do a kind act that should make either a human being or a dumb animal happier—here is an appeal on behalf of the mule—here is a beautiful example of a little German girl who gave up her place for an old woman to see the procession—here is a plea on behalf of the cow. Mr. Beecher once called the cow the saint of the barn-yard. Without many graceful lines or curves in her form, she is constantly giving and sacrificing herself for others—here is a beautiful little story of a child who was saved by a lark from a terrible death. She had fallen asleep in the wheat-field, and the great two-horse reaper with the terrible revolving knives, was close upon her, when a lark flew up, and her father stopped the horses because of the bird! The grain was left standing all around the lark's nest. Nobody could cut it after that. The paper is full of other things, true and merciful. We say these things to call attention because we always like the paper.

He who praises good work helps it.



Front View of the BOSTON HIGH and LATIN SCHOOL, said to be the most costly building of its kind in the world. [Printed by kind permission of Houghton, Mifflin & Co.]

CHILDREN.

What the leaves are to the forest,
With light and air for food,
Ere their sweet and tender juices
Have been hardened into wood,—

That to the world are children;
Through them it feels the glow
Of a brighter and sunnier climate
Than reaches the trunks below.

Come to me, O ye children!
And whisper in my ear
What the birds and the winds are singing
In your sunny atmosphere.

For what are all our contrivings,
And the wisdom of our books,
When compared with your caresses,
And the gladness of your looks?

Henry W. Longfellow.

A BOY WHO BECAME FAMOUS.

A boy, only six years old, was sailing with his father down the Danube. All day long they had been sailing past crumbling ruins, frowning castles, cloisters hid away among the crags, towering cliffs, quiet villages nestled in sunny valleys, and here and there a deep gorge that opened back from the gliding river, its hollow distance blue with fathomless shadow, and its loneliness and stillness stirring the boy's heart like some dim and vast cathedral. They stopped at night at a cloister, and the father took little Wolfgang into the chapel to see the organ. It was the first large organ he had ever seen; and his face lit up with delight, and every motion and attitude of his figure expressed a wondering reverence.

"Father," said the boy, "let me play!" Well pleased, the father complied. Then Wolfgang pushed aside the stool and, when his father had filled the great bellows, the elfin organist stood upon the pedals. How the deep tones woke the

sombre stillness of the old church! The organ seemed some great uncouth creature, roaring for very joy at the caresses of the marvellous child.

The monks, eating their supper in the refectory, heard it and dropped knife and fork in astonishment. The organist of the brotherhood was among them, but never had he played with such power. They listened; some crossed themselves, till the prior rose up and hastened into the chapel. The others followed; but, when they looked up into the organ-loft, lo! there was no organist to be seen, though the deep tones still massed themselves in new harmonies, and made the stone arches thrill with their power. "It is the devil," cried one of the monks, drawing closer to his companions, and giving a scared look over his shoulder at the darkness of the aisle.

"It is a miracle," said another. But, when the boldest of them mounted the stairs to the organ-loft, he stood as if petrified with amazement. There was the tiny figure, treading from pedal to pedal, and at the same time clutching at the keys above with his little hands, gathering handfuls of those wonderful chords as if they were violets, and flinging them out into the solemn gloom behind him. He heard nothing, saw nothing besides; his eyes beamed, and his whole face lighted up with impassioned joy. Louder and fuller rose the harmonies, streaming forth in swelling billows, till at last they seemed to reach a sunny shore, on which they broke; and then a whispering ripple of faintest melody lingered a moment in the air, like the last murmur of a wind-harp, and all was still. The boy was John Wolfgang Mozart.

The custom of tolling the bells of steamboats while passing Grant's grave on the Hudson River has been adopted by a few boats, in imitation of the custom among steamboat men on the Potomac when passing Washington's grave at Mt. Vernon.

FROM BLACK BESS AND I.

BY PEARL RIVERS.

[MRS. NICHOLSON, OF THE NEW ORLEANS PICAYUNE.]

Black Bess is a beautiful, spirited six-year-old mare, with a coat that looks and feels like the glossy side of black satin, and with only one bit of white about her which shines in the middle of her forehead like a star in the middle of night.

And I—well, I am only her humble servant and feel that I can never be grateful enough to her for condescending to permit me to ride her. I am sure, if I were half so beautiful and strong and light of heel, I would allow no one to force a steel bit into my mouth and turn me to the right or left against my will.

But it is generally the weak who have their own way in this world. The strong can afford to yield, and to yield gracefully as Black Bess yields to me. I have only to say "come," and she arches her handsome neck and steps after me as daintily as the trick horse in a circus. And when I am in the saddle she turns her pretty head to look at me with her big, soft, brown eyes, and seems to say, "Are you up? You are such a featherly bit of humanity that I could almost blow you off with a snort from my thin, quivering nostrils: but because you are so little and so weak I will be merciful and kind to you. Now, gather up the reins and make me go where you will."

And so we start off thoroughly understanding each other and travel for miles and miles together through the piney woods that make a somber background to sparkling Bay St. Louis. I hum a tune, keeping time to the click-a-click-click of her four dainty hoofs, and what Black Bess is thinking of I have no way of knowing, but I always feel that whatever her thoughts may be they are in sympathy with mine; and, after all, what is the use of speech when there is a subtle something that has no need of a tongue which draws two living beings together and puts them thoroughly en rapport with each other like Black Bess and I?

A BIRD AMONG BIRDS.

This—from the Audubon Magazine will interest many of our readers.

Somewhere about fifty years ago there lived in Philadelphia a family named Miller, who kept a hotel on Chestnut street. By some means Polly got into the possession of that family. How old he may have been when he arrived from Australia has never been established, but it is likely he was two or three years old. Some time after Polly came into the hands of a Wentz family at Lancaster, Pa., who had him for perhaps ten or fifteen years, when he was sold to a Mr. Connell, in Leacock Township, Lancaster county. Here he had the misfortune to break a leg, which disabled him so that he could not feed himself properly, and came very near being sacrificed to relieved him of his misery, when a good Samaritan in the person of a Mr. Crick, a butcher, who supplied the Connell family with meat, seeing the unfortunate condition of the bird, suggested that perhaps he might be healed. So Mr. Crick became Polly's new owner, successfully splinted and bandaged the broken limb, and in a short time healed the fracture. From this time the history of Polly's precocity begins. It was never known before what "was in" the bird. The sequel will show that there was much "in him."

Polly was given a wide range on the little farm, where he mingled with geese, ducks, chickens and pigs, and by degrees became a mimic unparalleled by anything recorded in history. When he cackled, any one not aware of his presence naturally concluded that a hen was just glorying over her "last lay." When he crowed all the barn-yard strutters joined in chorus to outcrow him. When he imitated the small "chick" with a shrill and quick "peep" as if in pain, clucking mothers would run in the direction whence the sound came, to the rescue of the supposed little victim, only to be confronted by the mischievous hook-billed counterfeit. His braying of a mule was perfect in modulation, but somewhat lacking in volume, and for that reason was one of his very best efforts. No woman ever laughed more heartily than Polly could laugh; in fact, so natural was this imitation that on more than one occasion persons would stop to listen to the fun among the women folks of the house, to be told on enquiring as to what was going on, that it was "only Polly having a laugh to himself." The most natural of all his imitations, however, was the crying of a baby. It was enough to touch the heart of any tender parent passing the house when Polly had this theme in hand. Such sobbing, such holding of breath and then bursting out afresh in a perfect scream as of pain, made everybody within hearing and not knowing the source feel like suggesting soothing syrup or paregoric, and that without delay. One other extraordinary effort of Polly was the squealing of a dying pig. Mr. Crick killed many hogs for the market, and this gave the bird an excellent opportunity to acquire this ear-piercing refrain. His imitation of the whining of a puppy and the barking of a dog were perfect in the full sense of the term. In short there was nothing that he undertook to imitate which was not done to perfection, except the braying of the mule.

Polly was happy in his home, but he finally became too sociable for Mr. Crick's use. His obtrusive sociability consisted in eating from the baby's hand. One day the baby was eating candy. Polly wanted some of that candy, so he just walked up to where baby was sitting at the door and took the candy and a part of the thumb. When baby cried he broke out in a fit of laughing, which novel concert brought the family to the scene, and from that moment it was resolved, finally and irrevocably, that "Polly must go." He was at once deprived of his liberty by being put into his cage and transported to Lancaster, five miles distant, to be sold. He was kept in a basement restaurant, where I for the first time saw, loved, and bought him.

A large volume might be written of my more than twenty years' experience with this wonderful creature; of the excursions we made together through the surrounding country; of our trips to various large cities in Pennsylvania; of his

tricks in gymnastics; of his accompaniment when I whistled "Sweet Home;" of his gathering up from the floor a number of coins, carefully bringing them to me in a perfect roll and placing them in my hand; of his ringing a bell, carrying a little bucket of water, bringing my hat, my handkerchief or my purse, when told to do so, and of a number of other equally wonderful feats indicating extraordinary sagacity, if not reasoning powers. But I will content myself with giving one remarkable episode in his career which I think most astonishing of all, and one in which I, for one, found great difficulty in fixing the line where "animal instinct" ceases and reasoning faculties begin.

In 1876 I left for Europe, and expecting to stay several years, be thought me what to do with my pet. It occurred to me that the safest place would be the Zoological Gardens at Philadelphia, and there, accordingly, I left him. After three years and three months absence, I called at the Zoo and requested the superintendent, Mr. Brown, to accompany me to the bird house, telling him that I proposed to put Polly to a test as to the retentiveness of his memory. Mr. Brown cheerfully complied, and we were witnesses of one of the most remarkable instances of animal sagacity on record. I will quote from an article in a Philadelphia paper, which appeared a few days later, and was written by one of the reporters after an interview with the superintendent. He says: "On entering the bird house Mr. Sprenger took his station on the opposite side of the building from that occupied by Polly, where the bird could not see him, and then exclaimed: 'Where's my Polly?' Immediately the bird recognized the voice of his former master, became excited, walking back and forth on his perch, showed as best he could, by voice and gesture, that he wished to answer the question by saying, 'Here am I.' It was a clear case of instant recognition. Then Mr. Sprenger went to his pet, and the scene is described by Mr. Brown as the reunion of a parent and a child. The affectionate creature ran his bill through his old master's moustache in the attempt to kiss him, rubbed his head against his cheek, then kissed him again and nestled close to his old friend, as though he feared he might lose him again. Then Mr. Sprenger tested him in some of his old tricks to prove his memory, and they were performed with as much readiness as in former days. 'Polly, I have lost my pocket-book,' said his old friend, after having dropped it. Then Polly went in search of it, and soon brought it in his bill, and having deposited it in his friend's hand expressed his joy in a hearty laugh. On Mr. Sprenger's taking his leave of him, he was almost frantic with grief, and it was only with difficulty that his keeper prevented him from following the master he so affectionately loved."

If I loved the bird before, that feeling was intensified from that moment, and money could no more have tempted me to part with him than it could to part with one of my children. Call it a strange infatuation; call it what you will, but my solemn resolve from that day was that "naught but death should part us two."

In 1881 Polly was brought from Lancaster, Pa., to this city, where I had located a year before, and soon attracted unusual attention, as he had at the North, exciting the wonder and admiration of all who saw him. It was evident, however, by noticeable failing of eyesight and stiffness in his joints, that age was telling on Polly, and this caused me to watch him with as much solicitude as a tender father watches his child. My greatest fear was that growing years might lead to decrepitude and helplessness with all the attendant evils of extreme age. Often in my contemplative moments did I picture to myself the probable final separation. At last the end came. The closing scene of this enigmatical existence burst upon my view when I least expected it.

Polly was entertaining a number of callers with his laughing, talking, whistling and barking programme, until a late hour in the evening, and seemed to be in his usual good spirits. After the company had left, members of the family were startled by plaintive cries from the bird as if in great distress. Rushing into the

room, they found him lying on the floor, to where he had fallen from the back of a chair upon which he had been sitting, uttering the most pitiable cries, evidently trying to say "Papa" (meaning me). I heard the commotion from a room in the lower story, and immediately ran up-stairs. Imagine my feelings if you can, gentle reader, when I picked up my dear old friend! A few gasps, a convulsive tremor, a closing of his jet black eyes, and Polly was no more! He died in my hands, doubtless from an apoplectic stroke. May I not be pardoned when I admit the fact that tears fell from my eyes at that moment? It was a weakness 'tis true, but still, under the circumstances, pardonable, I think. My love for the feathered tribe has always been intense. Since Polly's death I love them more, and no matter how homely in plumage, all alike have my undivided love and ceaseless care. The insignificant little sparrow, and the goldfinch gay, the crow and the pheasant, the robin and the wren, the lark and the swallow, in short all of God's beautiful feathered family, are the objects of my jealous care.

J. J. SPRENGER.

ATLANTA, Ga., Dec. 24, 1886.

TO START A BALKY HORSE.

I was attracted yesterday by a considerable gathering of people in a down-town street, occasioned by a balky horse which even the policeman himself could not persuade to "move on." All kind of plans were tried. First, about a dozen men shoved the wagon behind; but even then, by firmly planting his fore feet, the determined beast managed to resist progression, although I thought the breeching would burst. An old piece of cloth was then carefully tied over his eyes, and, after a short pause, he was gently requested to proceed, but he stood still, and the crowd jeered. Next a rather consequential person came forward, and, standing on tiptoe, so that he could reach the horse's ear, whispered into his ear something which he evidently thought would have an instantaneous and miraculous effect; but the animal was deaf to this siren, and the consequential person slunk off, pursued by the sarcasms of a boot-black. The driver was now in a rage, which vented itself in blows and imprecations. But just as he was passing from this condition into one of stony despair, a quiet young fellow waved him aside, unharnessed the horse, took him out of the shafts, and after leading him across the street and back, reharnessed him and handed the reins to the driver, who now drove off without the least trouble. The expedient was simple but effective, and it suggests what is, I believe, the true philosophy of the balky horse. The effort should be not to overcome his fixed idea of standing still, but to supplant that motion by diverting his attention to something else.

—Boston Post.

LUCK AND LABOR.

Luck is waiting for something to turn up. *Labor*, with keen eyes and strong will, will turn up something. *Luck* lies in bed and wishes the postman would bring him news of a legacy. *Labor* turns out at 6 o'clock and with busy pen and ringing hammer lays the foundation of a competency. *Luck* whines, *Labor* whistles. *Luck* goes to the poor-house. *Labor* to independence.

LABOR, NOT LUCK.

Wanamaker's first salary was \$1.25 a week.

A. T. Stewart started as a school teacher.

Jim Keene drove a milk wagon.

Cyrus Field was a clerk in a New England store.

Pulitzer acted as a stoker on a Mississippi steamboat.

G. W. Childs was errand boy for a bookseller at \$4 a month.

[For Our Dumb Animals.]

NORMA.

In a small village, where there were few houses and a great many trees, and where there was no railroad station within five miles, lived little Laura Upton on a large farm with her parents. Her father was a good man, but had hurt himself in trying to stop a runaway horse; and so, not being able to earn money, he became poor.

But there was one good result from his accident. Having to stay in the house for many months, he had a chance to give Alice the instruction she needed, for there was no school near, to which she could go. He taught her to read, write and cipher; and she showed a great fondness for good books.

Mr. Upton had two nice cows, and his wife made butter, which she sold to a man who stopped at the door for it every Wednesday. One of the cows had a calf, which Alice named Norma, and petted, so that it grew quite fond of her. A very pretty calf it was. It had a red skin spotted with white, and a well formed head.

But the family became so poor that Mr. Upton, when the butcher offered him five dollars for the calf, had to make up his mind to sell it. This was a sad blow to Alice. She did not show her grief before her father, lest it should distress him; but she ran out under a great tree by the roadside, where she thought no one could see her, and, seating herself on a stone, put her apron to her eyes and wept.

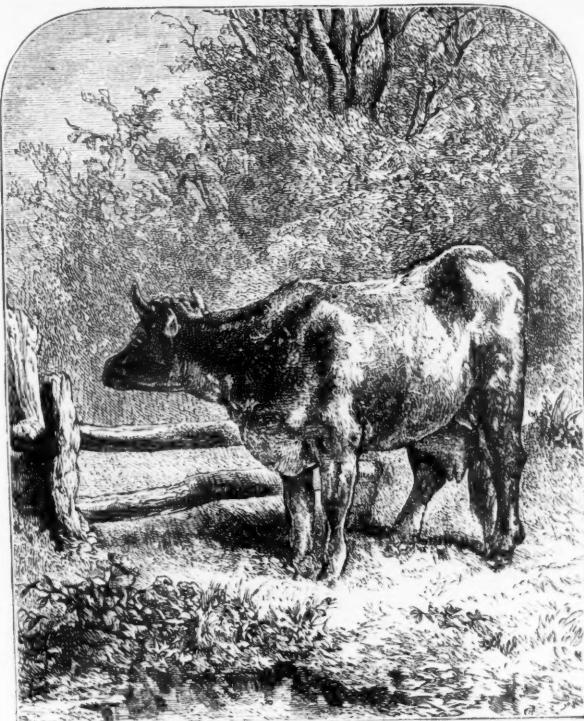
There was a bend in the road, and, before she was aware of his coming, Mr. Murray, a young man from New York, who was on horseback, stopped, and said, "What is the matter, little girl?" "Oh, sir, we have had to sell our calf Norma to the butcher." "What did you sell it for?" "Because we are poor." "What price did it bring, twenty dollars?" "Oh, dear, no, sir! only five." "I'll buy it back for you." "Thank you, sir, but the butcher has carried it off." "Which way did he go?" "Straight on, sir, to the red house, a mile further."

Without another word, Mr. Murray touched his horse lightly with his whip, and off he went at a gallop. Not dreaming that he was serious in what he said, Alice ran into the house and began to help her mother shell beans. In less than an hour, who should ride up to the door, but Mr. Murray, walking his horse, and leading Norma by a rope!

"Now, little girl," said he, "this is my calf, and I want you to keep it for me three years. Ask your father how much it will—but no matter, I'll guess the cost, and send him the money every quarter. What's his name?" "Arthur Upton, sir." "All right, I rely upon you—what's your name?" "Alice Upton, sir." "I rely upon you, Alice, to see that my calf is well taken care of. So, good-by." And, throwing the little girl a kiss, he galloped off again.

The young man paid about three times as much as the keeping of the calf actually cost, and it was a great help to Mr. Upton, who soon got so well over his hurt, that he could go to work as usual. Alice grew, and Norma grew, and three happy years passed swiftly by. At last, one fine morning in August, there was a sound of hoofs at the door, and who should appear but Mr. Murray on his fine horse. "Where's my cow, Norma?" said he. "I'll take you to her," said Alice.

So Mr. Murray tied his horse to a post, and went with Alice a few steps down the lane, and there stood Norma, a fine, large cow. The



NORMA.

picture of her which we give you is from a drawing which the young man made on the spot.

Said he to Alice, "The cow is yours, on one condition." "What is that, sir?" "That I may come and look at it whenever I please." Mr. Murray used to come very often indeed to look at the cow, and he usually chose for his visit the time when Alice was milking her, and what a nice thing came about afterwards I will not tell now.

EMILY CARTER.

INTELLIGENCE IN COWS.

The other morning, a very sultry one, two cows came to our gate, evidently on the lookout for something, and after being at first somewhat puzzled by their pleading looks, I bethought myself that they might be in want of water. No sooner had this idea occurred to me than I had some water brought in a large vessel, which they took with the greatest eagerness. The pair then sauntered contentedly away to a field near at hand. In about half an hour or so we were surprised and not a little amused, by seeing our two friends marching up to the gate, accompanied by three other cows. The water tap was again called into requisition, and the new comers were in like manner helped liberally. Then, with gratified and repeated "boo-oos"—a unanimous vote of thanks—our visitors slowly marched off to their pasture. It was quite clear to us that the two first callers, pleased with their friendly reception, had strolled down to their sister gossips and dairy companions and had informed them—how, I can not say, can you?—of their liberal entertainment, and then had taken the pardonable liberty of inviting them up to our cottage.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

WHAT MAKES THE SUMMER?

It is not the lark's clear tone
Cleaving the morning air with a soaring cry,
Nor the nightingale's dulcet melody all the
balmy night—
Not these alone
Make the sweet sounds of summer;
But the drone of beetle and bee, the murmurous
hum of the fly
And the chirp of the cricket hidden out of sight—
These help to make the summer.

Not roses redly blown,
Nor golden lilies, lighting the dusky mead,
Nor proud, imperial pansies, nor queen cups
quaint and rare—
Not these alone
Make the sweet sights of summer;
But the countless forest leaves, the myriad way-
side weeds
And slender grasses, springing up everywhere—
These help to make the summer.

One heaven bends above;
The lowliest head oftentimes hath sweetest rest;
O'er song bird in the pine, and bee in the ivy
low,
Is the same love, it is all God's summer;
Well pleased is He if we patiently do our best.
So hum, little bee, and low green grasses grow,
You help to make the summer.

Marietta Holley, in *Queries.*

BABIES IN CALIFORNIA.

"At one time a woman could hardly walk through the streets of San Francisco without having every one pause to gaze on her, and a child was so rare that once in a theatre in the same city where a woman had taken her infant, when it began to cry, just as the orchestra began to play, a man in the pit cried out, 'Stop those fiddles and let the baby cry. I haven't heard such a sound for ten years.' The audience applauded this sentiment, the orchestra stopped and the baby continued its performance amid unbounded enthusiasm."

THE PEOPLE OF ICELAND.

To the average reader, Iceland is as little known as the interior of Africa. Yet Iceland is a famous country, famous for the achievements of its heroes, for the poetry and prose it has given to the world, and above all for the education that pervades all classes.

The love of learning is almost a mania in Iceland, and it is the rarest thing in the world to meet a native who cannot read and write.

Another admirable trait is the remarkable honesty which prevails in Iceland. *Crime is almost unknown*; the people never lock their doors, and but two cases of thieving are known to have taken place in many years.

One was an Icelander, who had broken his arm, and whose family in the winter were suffering for food. He stole several sheep and was finally detected. He was at once put under medical care for his injury, provisions were furnished for his family, and in time he was given work. This was his punishment.

The other case was a German who stole seventeen sheep. He was in comfortable circumstances, and the theft was malicious. His punishment was to sell all his property, restore the value of his theft, and leave the country or be executed. He left at once, well knowing the result if he lingered.—*Sabbath Visitor.*

RUSSIA, NORWAY AND SWEDEN.

In Russia and Norway and Sweden, you meet at every turn positive marks of the drivers' love for their horses. In St. Petersburg and Moscow, the drosky man and his horse live entirely in the streets during the summer; and in the winter, when the horse goes to his stable o' nights, it is more than probable that his master shares it with him. Much the same sort of thing in the way of good-fellowship between man and beast obtains in Christiana, Stockholm, and I think I may add Copenhagen. Also in the minor towns and cities of Scandinavia I have noticed an affection between horse and man such as is rarely or never seen here, and which rivals, if it does not exceed, the fabled loves of the Arabs, human and equine. The very sparrows will scarcely take the trouble to get out of your way even in "savage Russia;" and once, when we had an al-fresco meal just outside Copenhagen, the small birds were so tame they hopped around within a few feet of the table, and some of them took food out of our outstretched hand. All the horses in the North, though their coats are sometimes ragged and their shoes do not fit them with the nicety we like and expect, are fat and well fed, and do long distances without much apparent effort. They are most intelligent, and will often, by low whinnies and other indications, show that they know what is being said to them, and keep up quite a conversation with their kindly and simple-hearted drivers. It would not be true to say that whips are not carried by the drosky men in Russia, and by the directors of carioles and other conveyances in Denmark, Norway, and Sweden. But it would be true, and very much true, to say that no London coachman or cab-driver would condescend to use one of the whips which are the custom in Northern latitudes—with one of these you might tickle a horse if you tried very hard, but do what you would you certainly could not hurt him.—*London Referee.*

Girls who use powder don't go off any quicker than those who don't.—*Boston Courier.*

JENNY LIND AND THE CAPTAIN.

During Jenny Lind's visit to this country, thirty years ago, a steamboat load of ladies and gentlemen went all the way from Memphis, Little Rock, and Vicksburg to New Orleans to hear her sing.

It was nothing for people to go such distances, and even greater, to listen to the great cantatrice. But the intense enthusiasm and overwhelming rush to her concerts generally crowded out the farthest and latest served comers, and this was the case with the party from up the river. When they arrived in New Orleans there was not a seat to be obtained for love or money.

There were hundreds of them belonging to the first families of the south, and they went away bitterly disappointed.

But learning that Miss Lind herself would be a passenger on the boat's return trip to Louisville, they determined to see her, if they could not hear her.

The master of the boat was Capt. Thomason, a very king on the river in those days, among Mississippi steamer captains. Towards noon of the first day, after leaving New Orleans, one of the young ladies, a senator's daughter, came to Capt. Thomason in trouble. Jenny Lind would not even be seen, she said, through all the long trip, for she intended to take her meals in her stateroom. The gallant captain assured her that he would see to that; and he went at once to interview Mr. Barnum, who was Jenny's Manager.

"Is Miss Lind ready to dine? It is nearly time for the bell to ring."

"No, she takes her meals in her room."

"Not on my boat," said the captain, with perfect courtesy, but like a man who generally had his own way.

Very soon after he knocked at the door of Jenny's stateroom and politely introduced himself. He told her of his passengers' disappointment; that they had come from two hundred to six hundred miles to hear her sing, and had been shut out by the crowd. The ladies would take it much to heart if she remained by herself all the way up the river.

The amiable songstress expressed a lively interest in the situation at once, and offered to be guided by the captain's advice. The result was that he led her triumphantly down to dinner.

The captain was delighted, of course. But he was not content with his single victory. He had a mind that his passengers should hear Miss Lind's wonderful singing.

When he spoke to Mr. Barnum about it, the astonished manager told him he "talked like a crazy man."

"She gets a thousand dollars for every song she sings. If you can afford to give her that, all right."

Capt. Thomason fancied that Miss Lind herself might not take exactly that view of it. He would see. But he went to work a different way this time. He had on board several musical young negroes, one of them gifted with a remarkable tenor voice, and he contrived to have these brought in to sing and play the banjo in the cabin.

From the first of her visiting in the south, Jenny had interested herself ardently in all that pertained to plantation life, and the strange, wild music of the darkey band quite enchanted her. Some of the pathetic slave songs of the young tenor even affected her to tears—as they did not a few of the other listeners. Within five minutes after the negro band had finished,

Jennie was at the piano imitating the simple airs she had caught from them; and then, striking more familiar chords, she poured forth the splendid melody of her matchless voice in song after song of her own.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL'S KINDNESS TO A HOUSEHOLD OF ROBINS.

I once had a chance to do a kindness to a household of them, which they received with very friendly condescension. I had my eye for some time past upon a nest and was puzzled by a constant fluttering of what seemed full-grown wings in it whenever I drew near. At last I climbed the tree in spite of the angry protests from the old birds against my intrusion. The mystery had a very simple solution. In building the nest, a long piece of pack-thread had been somewhat loosely woven in, three of the young had contrived to entangle themselves in it, and had become full-grown without being able to launch themselves into the air. One was unharmed; another had so tightly twisted the cord about its shank that one foot was curled up and seemed paralyzed; the third, in his struggles to escape, had sawn through the flesh of the thigh and so much harmed himself that I thought it humane to put an end to its misery.

When I took out my knife to cut their hempen bonds, the heads of the family seemed to divine my friendly interest. Suddenly ceasing their cries and threats, they perched quietly within reach of my hand and watched me in my work of manumission. This, owing to the fluttering terror of the prisoners, was an affair of some delicacy; but ere long I was rewarded by seeing one of them fly away to a neighboring tree, while the cripple, making a parachute of his wings, came lightly to the ground and hopped off as well as he could with one leg, obsequiously waited upon by his elders. A week later I had the satisfaction of meeting him in the pine walk in good spirits, and already so far recovered as to be able to balance himself with the lame foot.

[For Our Dumb Animals].

BOBBY'S BEAN-SNAPPER.

Somebody had given Bobby some bright, shining new pennies. He had stood looking long into the store window, not knowing what to buy. Not a top, nor a ball, nor candy, no, but a nice bean-snapper he wanted. So he bought one and ran gaily home to try it.

He set the little birds in the tree, in his yard, in great excitement. Some of them flew off to the other side of the street, where a little boy lived who had no bean-snapper. But one little bird was not afraid, and hopped out to the very tip of a branch as if he was watching Bobby. The bean-snapper was a good one, and Bobby's beans flew here and there until they were all gone. He hit the fence. That was too low. He tried the chimney top. That was fun. Soon he spied the little bird on the tree, and snap went a hard stone into little birdie's side, and down it came to the ground, not dead but stunned and hurt. Bobby's eyes opened wide in astonishment. "Oh! I didn't mean to, I didn't mean to," he cried, taking up the little trembling bird. "Oh! I didn't mean to." Then he ran for some crumbs and water. He put the bird down on the ground and scattered the crumbs. Then he dipped his finger in the water and put two or three drops on the bird's bill. He was very sorry. He could see that the poor hurt bird did not want food or drink, and I think would have given his bean-snapper if he could thereby have cured the bird. That was not necessary, for after a little while, as Bobby's head was turned away, the bird lifted himself up and flew off to tell the birds across the street what Bobby had done.

MARION M. WILBUR.

The prettiest thing in veils—Faces.

The wise man is the man who knows what to do when the time comes.

THE WITCHES' RIDE.

BY ELLEN E. CHASE.

Over the hills rode Grandfather Grey,
Old Dobbin he drove in the usual way:
Grandfather said, "Whoa!" Old Dobbin looked
back,

But kept straight on in the well-worn track,
With a knowing nod of his wise old head;
He is dreaming you see, it plainly said,
"G'lang! g'lang!" said Grandfather Grey;
Old Dobbin stood still,—*the usual way.*

Over the hills rode Grandfather Grey,—
Till he came to a house that stood by the way,—
A fine old mansion, that seemed to say,
With its wide-flung doors and its merry din,
To Grandfather Grey—*"Walk in! walk in!"*
A greeting glad from the porch rang out,
A welcoming voice, and the children's shout.

They drew him in
With frolicsome din;
They gathered about
With laugh and shout,
Turning his pockets inside out
For the apples and nuts that safely lay
For the bold little robbers hidden away.

Suddenly hushed was the frolic and din,
Only a murmur was heard within,
As Uncle Will and Grandfather Grey
Talked of the wonderful news of the day.
But three little maids, as still as a mouse,
Came stealing, a-tip-toe, around the house:
One took the reins, and one said, "I
Will hold the whip, for Dobbin, you know,
At his very best is dreadfully slow,"—
While one sweet voice like a bird-note rang,
As away they clattered, "G'lang! g'lang!"

In the keeping-room windows quaint and old,
Sweet-briers opened their hearts of gold;
A sunbeam creeping across the sill,
By grandfather's chair at last stood still,
"Bless me! how time has been slipping away!
I must be going," said Grandfather Grey.
So he rose and stood by the high-backed chair,

And talked of happenings here and there.
At last he said, with a mild little laugh,
"Like Dobbin, I'm getting too slow, by half;
I really must go." He reached the wide door,
"Why! Dobbin has never run off before;
I've owned him twenty years, to a day;
What can be the matter?" said Grandfather
Grey.
His blue eyes a-twinkle,—laughed Uncle Will,—
"It must be the witches; the house is so still."
"Don't tell me you think, in the light of this
day,
That still there are witches!" said Grandfather
Grey.
And he tried to look stern; but the children
would say
He never need try,—dear Grandfather Grey!
A merry laugh on the air rang out,
Came a clatter of hoofs and the children's
shout;
The old chaise rumbled adown the hill;
"Glang!" said grandfather; *old Dobbin stood
still.*

It is fifty years to a year and a day,
Since over the hills rode Grandfather Grey,
And the witches ran off with his "one-hoss
shay."

What is the board of education? The
school-master's shingle.

GENERAL SPINNER'S PLEA
FOR THE BIRDS.

The venerable, kindhearted General F. E. Spinner, writes from his camp in Florida, to his friends, the boys of America, to spare the birds. "I well recollect," he says, "that I once shot a robin. He flew some distance, and fell in the tall grass. I went and picked him up and found that I had inflicted a fatal wound in his breast. The poor wounded bird looked up into my face so imploringly that it caused me to shed tears, and now, to-day, at the age of eighty-five years, I am haunted by the pitiful, imploring look of that poor innocent, dying bird, and feelings of deep remorse come over me whenever I see a robin. I would be willing to make great sacrifices to be made guiltless of the wanton murder of that poor innocent bird." The General makes a special plea for that sweetest of all American songsters, the ill-named catbird.



MISTAKEN KINDNESS.

[For Our Dumb Animals.]

MISTAKEN KINDNESS.

One summer morning Elizabeth sat on the doorstep, reading. But she looked up often to see the birds fly about.

By and by she heard a shrill chirping. "Poor little bird," she thought, "where can it be? Is it hurt?" She went out into the yard and looked about her.

There, under a tree, was a baby-bird that had fallen out of its nest. Elizabeth took it up gently. As it lay in her hand, it looked like a soft ball. It chirped as loud as it could, and then fluttered.

"Poor birdie," said Elizabeth, "I will try and take you home." And she looked up into the tree. She could see the nest the fledgling had tumbled out of, but she was not tall enough to reach it, so she stood on a knot in the trunk of the tree, and put the nestling in its home.

She saw the father and the mother-bird in the tree, and said to herself that they would take care of the little one. Then she went back to her reading.

Pretty soon she heard the chirping again. This time she knew where to look, and there was the baby-bird on the ground, crying and fluttering as before.

"Papa and mamma Robin ought to take care of you, birdling," she said. But she stepped on the knotted tree trunk, and put back the bird a second time.

Then she sat down on the door-step, and watched to see what the parent birds would do. They flew here and there about the nest, and sang a few notes that Elizabeth knew must be bird-talk. She wondered if they were trying to find a better place for their baby.

But as she was thinking how much care they were taking of it, out tumbled the little one a third time. "You stupid old Robin!" she cried. "Do you expect some one to be putting back your birdie for you all day? Why don't you keep it in the nest?"

She picked up the birdie, and was about to put

it back a third time, when, as she held it, a strange thing happened; for down flew the robin and gave her a sharp peck on the forehead.

Elizabeth stood still. She didn't know what to make of this. But soon she began to laugh, and then she put the baby-bird gently on the ground, and went away. She at last understood what papa Robin meant to say to her by his peck. This is it: "Don't interfere when I'm teaching my child to fly. You are very big, and perhaps you know a great deal; but you don't seem to know that it's not right to keep birds in the nest all summer. They would never find out what their wings are for."

A PRETTY GIRL AND HER PETS.

The humming birds belonging to a pretty New York Society girl build their nests in the lace curtains and have raised little families in the parlor. There are plants for them to fly about in, and every day the florist sends a basket of flowers to extract the honey from. They are like little rainbows flying about the room, and they light on the head of their dainty mistress with perfect freedom. She seems to have an affinity for the feathered tribe. Outside her chamber window is a box for a dove who always sleeps there at night and pecks at the window pane when he wants to come in. He has perfect freedom, but chooses to remain in the house many hours in the course of the day. This same young lady comes in to greet a visitor with a canary poised lightly on her head and a fluffy bullfinch hopping along after her.—*New York Sun.*

VERY SENSIBLE.

To the Editor of the Transcript: On a drooping bough of a large elm tree, close by this hotel, two English robins have made a nest. Strong winds caused so much swaying as to endanger the eggs in the nest. The birds have secured some twine, and fastened one end under the nest, and the other end to a larger branch below, thus avoiding the danger of too much oscillation. The instinct exhibited by these birds has attracted much attention. C. J. DORN.

Mt. Toby House, Sunderland, Mass., June 12, 1889.

—*Boston Evening Transcript*, June 14.

EXTRACTS FROM OUR COLLEGE PRIZE ESSAY OF THEODORE ARNOLD [*Nom de Plume*] OF BELOIT COLLEGE, WISCONSIN, ON THE EFFECT OF HUMANE EDUCATION ON THE PREVENTION OF CRIME.

The alarming increase of crime in our country should be sufficient to draw the ready attention of every American citizen to any proposition for the improvement of our condition. The problem of the prevention of crime and the reformation of the criminal is becoming almost discouraging to even the strongest and truest philanthropists. In spite of the enormous amounts of money annually appropriated; in spite of continuous and ingenious thought; in spite of the many noble men who are giving their lives to the cause of the criminal; in spite of increasing agitation in press and from the rostrum; in spite of all these restraining influences the ratio of crime has increased far more rapidly than the ratio of population. When we consider the gigantic influences which are on the side of moral reform, it seems amazing that so little is accomplished. Probably there is no other nation in history for whose reformation so much has been done. The pulpit has lifted its voice as never before. Great missionary societies have not held back from any stronghold of sin. Money has poured into the treasures of our benevolent organizations as never in any former age. A great school system has grown to proportions which are the wonder of the world. Penal and reformatory institutions have had life-long thought and energy lavished upon them; and still the tide of crime rolls steadily and relentlessly upward.

A mere glance at recent statistics cannot but add to the impressiveness of the subject. * *

More than one third of our prison population is under twenty-five years of age; above one-fourth under twenty-three. And it is to be remembered that back of the conviction lie years in which the individual has been more or less connected with crime. In a correspondence between Lord Shaftesbury and Mr. Clay, a prominent English prison chaplain, it was agreed that *58 per cent. of all prisoners "first practised dishonesty when under fifteen" and that the remaining 42 per cent. almost without exception practise dishonesty under twenty years of age."* *

It was only a few days ago that a Chicago paper declared it almost unsafe for children to go unattended from the school building to their homes even in the broadest daylight. At the time of one of the recent great car strikes, there emerged from no one knows where, a race of beings who hardly bore a trace of humanity. In the wild and savage eyes, in the sharp and angry features, there was a fearful lesson. In those days of riot, men caught glimpses of a world of crime. They heard the surging of that ocean of sin whose farther boundary is the gates of eternal death.

Into that restless sea suppose the fair flower of a new-born life is flung to-day. Tell me, philanthropist, what are the probabilities that the flower may find some safe rock to which it can cling amid the waves of ocean? O man, living not for self, is that sea always to roll on, bearing its increasing multitude of victims? Is there nothing more to be done to save those who are being swept away? * * *

Education in the humane sentiments is a broad subject; it includes instruction in humanity and tenderness to all living beings. Its domain lies not only among men, but also among animals. Wherever the Creator has set the seal of life, there it proposes to maintain the sacredness and establish the rights of that life, whether of man or beast or bird.

Such a form of education, introduced as a part of our public school training, cannot but have a powerful influence in shaping the natures of the pupils into certain characteristics, which will be of material assistance in restraining the individual from crime. * * *

But instead of giving any such education our public schools are themselves teaching violence and selfishness. From many a home there come to them the pupils whose morning farewell was

emphasized by a father's oath and violence. Watch the children that enter our school-rooms. How many of them come from homes where affection or pity is never known? Hate and crime and selfishness are fearfully contagious. *On four sides of your blue-eyed tender-hearted boy sit other boys who are taught by the very air of unloving homes that affection and tenderness are effeminate. He sits next to them in classes; he plays with them in leisure moments. Is it strange that imitation prize-fights are the diversion of recess? Is it strange that crime and selfishness are propagating themselves in our public schools? Is it strange that homes of cruelty are breeding other homes of cruelty?*

PRACTICAL TESTS.

The age in which we live is intensely practical. To every theorist with his argument it advances the question: "Are there possibilities that your theory can be adopted in practice?" To such a question a candid answer must be given. The theory must be shown to be not only true but to be adaptable to present conditions.

Humane education is practicable, then, first, because its introduction would not meet with opposition. Our nation believes thoroughly in intellectual development and has never counted any wealth or labor too great to spend for this purpose. Backed by this principle, the general public would probably not oppose the new effort. Little as they, themselves, may believe in humanity there is at least a prevalent notion that kindness in a child is not an unworthy quality. Forms of religion are meeting with intense opposition in public schools; even the Bible is being hard pressed for its place. Every article in the creed of Christianity is being challenged for its right. Even old forms of education which have held their places for centuries are being crowded out to make room for what is termed a practical education. *But against the religion of humanity there are no contenders.* Those very societies and organizations whose fall would most surely be accomplished by the spread of humane sentiment are the societies which will be most loud in their demand for "humanity." "Humane education," says every class, "will make other men kinder to us;" but the truth is that it will make that class more large-hearted towards all others.

Humane education, moreover, is practical because it is not a new and vast system which would require long years to become thoroughly established but there already exist public schools into which this study could be introduced easily and harmoniously. These schools also reach largely those classes of society which would be most benefited by the new education. School laws are already established in almost every state and territory, and the successful enforcement of these laws is remarkable, considering the difficulty of the problem. In probably no other way could the children of our country be reached so thoroughly by these new principles. The churches do not reach them; public lecturers cannot reach them; but at the school the great majority of children can be touched.

The word crime has a fluctuating meaning. Acts which were formerly considered to be under that name are not necessarily considered to be so now. So, also, there are some brutal amusements which are winked at to-day, but which tomorrow will be recognized to be nothing less than crimes of outrageous form. Prize-fighting, dog-fights, and all sorts of animal fights which are considered too generally to be only semi-criminal, are surely passing into the category of recognized crime. Some of them may be called distinctly criminal to-day; all of them are directly criminal, at least in their tendencies and results. They end in hardened consciences and in blunted humanity. They are degrading and vitiating in their tendencies, and *even the accounts of them are most injurious.* Against these special forms of sin there can be no doubt as to what the results of humane education would be. Plainly it would have a strong tendency to increase the advancing condemnation of these sports, and to aid greatly in bringing about their utter abolition, a time and end most ardently to be longed for by every humane person.

Finally, humane education is practical, because it has already been proved so by actual experiment. That olden chivalry, of which many a poet has sung, what was that but a humane education? It was on a narrow basis truly, but it sought to teach kindness and helpfulness toward all who were weak. The training for knighthood was a training into courtesy and gentleness. The youths who would bear the spear and shield, were taught that they had a mission

"To ride abroad redressing human wrongs."

Not even where they to injure another with their words, but

"To speak no slander, no, nor listen to it.

To lead sweet lives in purest chastity."

And what was the result of such a training? Did that humane education have any effect on those dark centuries? Alas, too far for the knight fell short of his creed, but by no means was that creed all in vain. Here are the words of a disinterested witness: "Chivalry tended to soften what was hard; tended to reform what was coarse; tended to make the rude barons gentlemen in spirit and in manners; tended to give a sense of justice, courtesy and humanity; tended to make men less criminal, less violent, less vicious, less self-indulgent, more sympathetic with the weak, more helpful to the sick, more charitable to the poor, more merciful to the fallen; tended to bring the rulers of society into friendly instead of hostile relations with one another."

That chivalry has passed away. *Let a new and grander chivalry take its place, a chivalry that sanctifies not only weakness but all life the world over.* The coming of such a chivalry would mean a new knighthood, better than that which bore the cross of red into the fields of desperate emergency. * * * *

Of course it is not to be inferred that the only way of forwarding this education lies through the public schools. The wide scattering of humane literature is doubtless one of the most powerful means of education. The press and the postal service are allies in this great campaign. Type is a mighty reformer, and its increased enlistment in the enterprise will be of immeasurable service to the spread of humane principles; so that *while we are seeking to secure the introduction of this subject into the public schools, this present avenue of education lies open to us, and should be made of the greatest value possible.* * * * *

As these closing words are written, strains of music come floating up, borne on the mellow breath of the advancing spring. They are typical of that great harmony which shall one day rest over all the world. Then there shall roll into time and tune all the various notes of life in whatever form it exists, and the grand chorus of a completed "Creation" shall join their voices to sound the praises of Him whose they are and whom they serve. And the spring-time, too, is prophetic, for the seed speaks of the full corn in the ear, and the days of reaping lie close upon the days of sowing.

THEODORE ARNOLD.

DOING GOOD.

"There," said a neighbor, pointing to a village carpenter, "there is a man who has done more good, I really believe, in this community than any other person who ever lived in it. He cannot talk very much in public, and he does not try. He is not worth \$2,000, and it is very little he can put down on subscription papers. But a new family never moves into the village that he does not find it out and give them a neighborly welcome and offer them some service."

He is on the lookout to give strangers a seat in his pew at church. He is always ready to watch with a sick neighbor and look after his affairs for him. I believe he and his wife keep house plants in winter mainly that they may be able to send bouquets to friends and invalids. He finds time for a pleasant word to every child he meets, and you'll always see them climbing into his one-horse wagon when he has no other load. He has a genius for helping folks, and it does me good to meet him in the streets."—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

THE REASON.

[*Will Allen Dromgoole, in Detroit Free Press.*]

Grandma Gruff said a curious thing—
“ Boys may whistle but girls must sing.”
That’s the very thing I heard her say
To Kate, no longer than yesterday.

“ Boys may whistle.” Of course they may,
If they pucker their lips the proper way.
But for the life of me I can’t see
Why Kate can’t whistle as well as me.

“ Boys may whistle but girls must sing,”
Now I call that a curious thing,
If boys can whistle why can’t girls, too?
It’s the easiest thing in the world to do.

First you do that, then you do this—
Just like you were fixing up for a kiss.
It’s a very poor girl, that’s all I say,
Who can’t make out to do that way.

“ Boys may whistle,” but girls may not;
A whistle’s a song with the noise knocked out,
Strayed off somewhere down in the throat,
Everything lost but the changeable note.

So if boys can whistle and do it well,
Why cannot girls, will somebody tell?
Why can’t they do what a boy can do?
That is the thing I would like to know.

I went to father and asked him why
Girls couldn’t whistle as well as I.
And he said “the reason that girls must sing
Is because a girl’s a *sing-ular* thing.”

And grandma laughed till I knew she’d ache
When I said I thought it all a mistake.
“ Never mind, little man,” I heard her say,
“ They will make *you* whistle enough some
day.”

INTERESTING LETTERS.

(*From Nathan Appleton, Santo Domingo City.*)

DOMINICAN REPUBLIC, April 28, 1889.

My Dear Mr. Angell,

Having now passed several weeks in this beautiful island, I take great pleasure in reporting to you that *I have not seen such a thing as a shoe on any animal here, either horse, or jackass, the same as donkey, (burro) which are the most common animals in use for the transportation of human beings and merchandise.* Oxen, or more frequently bulls, are also much used, but they would naturally travel with their hoofs just as nature provides them. *I doubt if you could find anyone here who knows how to put a shoe on either a horse or a jackass, unless it be some one from another country.* This only goes to prove what I have for a long time believed, viz.: *that iron shoes are not a necessity to any animal.* They are often a useless encumbrance, like blinders and check-reins, which fashion and custom have continued, when once started. Also, I would say it is very uncommon to see a lame animal. Nor must it be supposed that the streets of this city are soft; quite the contrary, as it is built on a sort of calcareous and coal rock, which appears on the surface in many places. In the country the road is often over steep mountains, with narrow and stony paths, which the beasts of burden have to ascend and descend patiently and slowly with their heavy loads. Not long ago I made a trip over a hill in the environs of San Cristobal. The road was so bad that we were several times compelled to dismount from our horses, and I am sure that if the animals had been shod, it would have been impossible for them to have found their way up and down the rocky road, as they would certainly have slipped, but with the feet that the Creator had given them they were able to catch on and pursue their way in safety. What I have seen here makes me feel that the same plan can be carried out in many other places, and so I venture to present it to the friends of the proud horse and the humble jackass through your papers.

NATHAN APPLETON.

April 28, 1889.

My Dear Mr. Angell,

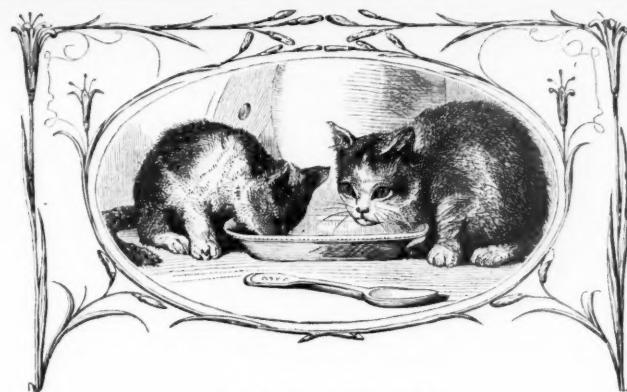
You have not heard from me for some time, but this communication will show you that I still keep up my interest in the good cause. Perhaps I may be able to start a society here, and, in view of this, I would ask you to have sent to me, (care of the U. S. Consul,) ten copies of “Our Dumb Animals” and also a package of your various publications.

NATHAN APPLETON.

P. S.—*Education* is what the people have need, and anything sent to them in the way of books will be most gratefully received. It will be to me a pleasure to see that they are distributed amongst the various schools, several of which I have visited, in the republic.

We hope that our “American Humane Education Society” may soon have financial power to reach not only over this continent but also the Dominican Republic.]

EDITOR.



FROLIC AND FUN.

FROLIC AND FUN.

Shall I tell you about my two kittens,—
My two kittens, Frolic and Fun?
They race round from garret to cellar,
Only resting when daylight is done.

Their colors? Why, Frolic wears always
A coat of the softest gray,
White kerchief, and mittens of ermine;
And this is her dress every day.

And Fun wears a coat of black velvet,
With trimmings of soft snow-white;
Black slippers that fit very closely,
And yet that are never too tight.

In and out of the window they scamper,
And leap over tables and chairs,
And fly at poor grandmamma’s needles,
Not even respecting gray hairs.

Our Annie, a shy little body,
Loves kittens—but best when asleep;
For she says, “ Now, mamma, they can’t
scratch me,
While they lie so, curled up in a heap.”

From behind open doors and dark corners,
They fly at her little bare feet,
As she patters around in her night-gown,
Just roused from her slumber so sweet.

They drink from the same little saucer,
And eat from the same china plate;
Then each with her paw wipes her whiskers,
All the while looking very sedate.

And when every one of the birdies,
With head tucked under its wing,
Is quietly sleeping and dreaming
Of pleasures the morrow will bring,

Then these little kittens will scamper,
Having finished their evening repast,
With eyes growing dimmer and dimmer,
To the barn very weary at last.

And there, my dear children, we’ll leave them,
Cuddled cosily down in the hay:
So good night, dear Fun and dear Frolic;
May you sleep till the dawn of the day!

A. N. M.

AN EXCELLENT LESSON.

Once when travelling in a stage coach, I met a young lady who seemed to be on the constant lookout for something laughable, and not content with laughing herself, took great pains to make others do the same.

After awhile an old woman came running across the fields, swinging her bag at the coachman, and in a shrill voice begging him to stop.

The good natured coachman drew up his horse and the old lady coming to the fence by the roadside, squeezed herself through two bars which were not only in a horizontal position, but very near together. The young lady made

some ludicrous remarks and the passengers laughed. It seemed excusable, for in getting through the fence the poor woman had made sad work with her old black bonnet. This was a new piece of fun, and the girl made the most of it. She caricatured the old lady upon a card; pretended, when she was not looking, to take patterns of her bonnet, and in various other ways tried to raise a laugh. At length the poor woman turned a pale face toward her.

“ My dear,” said she, “ you are young and happy; I have been so, too, but am now decrepit and forlorn. This coach is taking me to the death-bed of my child. And then, my dear, I shall be all alone in the world.” The coach stopped before a poor-looking house, and the old lady feebly descended the steps.

“ How is she?” was the first trembling inquiry of the poor mother.

“ Just alive,” said a man who was leading her into the house.

Putting up the steps the driver mounted his box, and we were on the road again. Our merry young friend had placed her card in her pocket. She was leaning her head upon her hand; and I was not sorry to see a tear upon her fair young cheek. It was a good lesson.—Salem (Mass.) Gazette.

THE OLD LADY KNEW IT ALL.

A traveller once put up for the night with a simple-minded old couple in a lonely farm-house. As he rode up to the door he heard the old woman say, in a tone of deep conviction:

“ There! I knew somebody’d come before night, for I dropped my fork on the floor, this morning, and it stuck straight up. Then I dropped the dishcloth at noon—another sure sign of company.”

In entering the house the visitor carelessly struck his foot against the step, and came near falling.

“ Ah!” said the old lady, quickly, “ which toe did you stub, the right or the left?”

“ The right,” was the reply.

“ That’s good; it’s a sure sign you’re going

where you are wanted. Pa, shoo that rooster off the fence. If he crows there, it will rain before morning.”

A little boy ran into the room, crying out:

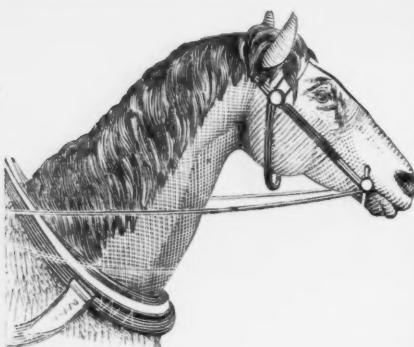
“ Oh, grandma, look! Here’s a copper I found on the road.”

“ I’m not a bit surprised. Don’t you remember, Tommy, that you dreamed of finding a nest of hen’s eggs last night? I told you then that you’d find some money before a week.”

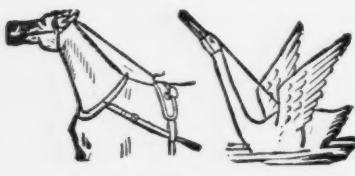
A young woman was washing on a porch back of the house, and the old lady cried out:

“ There, there, Susan, if you haven’t splashed soapsuds all over the front of your dress! And if you don’t get a drunken husband for it I’m wonderfully mistaken. I’ve known that sign to come true often, and often. But you can keep it from coming true by hanging all the clothes on the line wrongside out, and you’d better do it.”

So Susan did, as the traveller noticed, to his great amusement.



Happy Horse—No Blinders or Check-Rein.



A RESPECTED ENGLISH NOBLEMAN

said the other day, "Whenever I see horses suffering from too tight a check rein I know the owner is *unobservant, cruel, or pompous*. He is *unobservant* or he would know that his horses are suffering; he is *ignorant* or he would know that they lose much of their power in pulling and cannot recover themselves if they stumble, and he is *cruel*, if, observing and knowing, he does not remedy this. While standing, checked animals suffer with nervousness and restlessness, which finds vent in involuntary movements that call punishment from the driver. Many a tired horse, not thus fettered, droops his head while waiting, and so obtains rest before he again starts on a toilsome journey."

—*English Paper.*

Cases Reported at Office in May.

For beating, 23; over-working and over-loading, 13; over-driving, 1; driving when lame or galled, 72; non feeding and non-sheltering, 32; cruelty transporting, 10; torturing, 13; driving when diseased, 5; general cruelty, 76.

Total, 245.

Disposed of as follows, viz.: Remedied without prosecution, 98; warnings issued, 75; not found, 12; not substantiated, 39; anonymous, 7; prosecuted, 14; convicted, 11; of four pending, April report, three disposed of by conviction. Animals taken from work, 50; horses and other animals killed, 66.

Receipts by the Society in May.

FINES.

From *Justices' Courts*.—Andover, \$10. *Police Courts*.—Chelsea, (2 cases), \$10. *District Courts*.—Worcester, (2 cases), \$20, Westboro, \$10. *Municipal Court*.—Boston, (2 cases), \$25. *Superior Court*.—Middlesex Co., \$25. Witness Fees, \$7.00; Total \$107.

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Total, \$1,103.73

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Total, \$142.25.

USE OF AMBULANCE.

Horse Shoe Association, \$6; Wm. Rickers, \$5.50; L. N. Pitcher, \$3.50; Wm. Farnum, \$2.50; Adams & Co., \$2.50; Bigelow & Dowse, \$2; Blacker & Shepard, \$2. Total, \$24.

Publications sold, \$122.76; Interest, \$150.

By Treasurer, from estate of Ebenezer Geo. Tucker, \$2000; Miss A. Wigglesworth, \$100; Estate of John J. Soren, \$200.

Total, \$3,949.76.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

Animal World. London, England. Band of Mercy and Humane Educator. Philadelphia, Pa.

Humane Journal. Chicago, Ill.

Our Animal Friends. New York, N. Y.

Zoophilist. London, England.

Animals Friend. Vienna, Austria.

Bulletin of the Royal S. P. A. Brussels, Belgium.

Bulletin of the Russian S. P. A. St. Petersburg, Russia.

German P. A. Journal, "Ibis." Berlin, Prussia.

Calcutta, India. Report (with Rules) of Calcutta S. P. C. A., for 1888.

Bern, Switzerland. Annual Report of the S. P. A., for 1888.

Buenos Ayres, Brazil. Seventh Annual Report of the Argentine S. P. A., for 1888.

Nice, France. Annual Report of the S. P. A., for 1888.

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